But what of that? *Demetrius* thinkes not ſo:
He will not know, what all, but he do know,
And as he erres, doting on *Hermias* eyes;
So I, admiring of his qualities:
Things baſe and vile, holding no quantity,
Loue can tranſpoſe to forme and dignity,
Loue lookes not with the eyes, but with the minde,
And therefore is wingd *Cupid* painted blinde.
Nor hath loues minde of any iudgement taſte:
Wings, and no eyes, figure, vnheedy haſte.
And therefore is loue ſaid to be a childe,
Becauſe in choiſe he is oft beguilde,
As waggiſh boyes in game themſelues forſweare;
So the boy Loue is periur'd euery where.
For ere *Detremius* lookt on *Hermias* eyne,
He haild downe oathes that he was onely mine.
And when his haile, ſome heate from *Hermia* felt,
So he diſſolu'd, and ſhowres of oathes did melt,
I will go tell him of faire *Hermias* flight:
Then to the wood will he, to morrow night
Purſue her; and for this intelligence,
If I haue thanks, it is a deare expence:
But heerein meane I to enrich my paine,
To haue his ſight thither, and backe againe. *Exit.*

Enter Quince the Carpenter, Snug the Ioyner, Bottome the Weauer, Flute the Bellows-mender, Snout the Tinker, & Starueling the Taylor.

Quin. Is all our company heere?

Bot. You were beſt to call them generally, man by man, according the ſcrippe.

Quin. Here is the ſcrowle of euery mans name, which is thoght fit through all *Athens*, to play in our Enterlude, before the Duke & the Dutches, on his wedding day at night,

Bot. Firſt good *Peter Quince*, ſay what the play treats on: then read the names of the Actors: and ſo grow to a point.

Quince.

Quin. Marry our play is the moſt lamentable Comedy, and moſt cruell death of *Pyramus* and *Thisbie*.

Bot. A very good peece of worke, I aſſure you, & a merry. Now good *Peter Quince*, call foorth your Actors by the ſcrowle. Maſters ſpread your ſelues.

Quin. Anſwer as I call you. *Nick Bottome* the Weauer.

Bot. Ready; name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You *Nick Bottome* are ſet downe for *Pyramus*.

Bot. What is *Pyramus*, a louer, or a tyrant?

Quin. A louer that kils himſelfe moſt gallant, for loue.

Bot. That will aske ſome teares in the true perfourming of it, if I doe it, let the audience looke to their eyes: I will moue ſtormes; I will condole in ſome meaſure. To the reſt yet, my chiefe humour is for a tyrant. I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to teare a Cat in, to make all ſplit the raging Rocks; and ſhiuering ſhocks ſhall breake the locks of priſon gates, and *Phibbus* carre ſhall ſhine from farre, & make and marre the fooliſh Fates. This was lofty. Now name the reſt of the players. This is *Ercles* vaine, a tyrants vaine: a louer is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute the Bellowes-mender.

Flu. Heere *Peter Quince*.

Quin. You muſt take *Thisby* on you.

Flu. What is *Thisby*? a wandring Knight?

Quin. It is the Lady that *Pyramus* muſt loue. (ming

Fl. Nay faith, let not me play a woman, I haue a beard cō-

Quin. That's al one, you ſhal play it in a Maske, and you may ſpeake as ſmall as you will.

Bot. And I may hide my face, let me play *Thisby* to: Ile ſpeake in a monſtrous little voyce; *Thiſne, Thiſne*, ah *Pyramus* my louer deare, thy *Thisby* deare, and Lady deare.

Quin. No no, you muſt play *Pyramus*, & *Flute*, you *Thisby*.

Bot. Well, proceed. *Qu. Robin Starueling* the Tailor.

Star. Heere *Peter Quince*.

Qu. Robin Starueling, you muſt play *Thisbies* mother: